A POWER COMIC

INSIDE: THE INCREDIBLE HULK MEETS THE HUMANOID!

SMASH!

No.52
28th JAN. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

BATMAN AND ROBIN REACH LEMON REGIS— AT THE SAME TIME AS THE GEMINI GANG ARRIVE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THAT DUBIOUS DUO, BATCHAP AND BOBBIN.

HOLY INDIANAPOLIS! THOSE TWO CARS FLEW PAST US!

ODD! BETTER LET US OUT HERE, DRIVER!

THE WHOLE CAB ISN'T WORTH THAT MUCH!

THAT'LL BE £8 8s 6D!

I PRESUME YOU'LL ACCEPT A TRAVELLERS' CHEQUE?

SURE, GUV! CARE TO 'AVE ME WAIT?

NO--YOU'D BEST RETURN TO THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF LONDON!

LEMON REGIS MAY BE A BATTLEGROUND TONIGHT!

CAREFUL WHERE YOU STEP, ROBIN! THAT MOTHER-RABBIT MAY HAVE YOUNG NEARBY!

HOLY PARADOX, BATMAN! WE MAY BE WALKING TO OUR DOOM --AND YOU WORRY ABOUT BUNNIES!

BOB KANE

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NOTHING ODD ABOUT THAT, CHUM!

CONSIDERATION FOR THE LESSER BREEDS IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE!

OF COURSE...

THE HIRED THUGS OF THE GEMINI TWINS HAVE LAUNCHED A COWARDLY ATTACK ON BATCHAP AND BOBBIN--

LOOK, BATMAN!!

THINGS ARE GETTING A BIT THICK, BOBBIN OLD BOY!

THUD!

BAM!

HANG ON, BATCHAP OLD CHAP! REMEMBER--THE GOOD CHAPS ALWAYS WIN!

QUICK—TURN THE PAGE!

--AS THE EVIL GEMINI TWINS LOOK ON!
THE ODDS FAVOUR OUR SIDE, MY DEAR POLLUX!
HOW TRUE, MY DEAR CASTOR!
IF YOU ASK ME, OUR ENGLISH COUSINS ARE DOING PRETTY GOOD!
THAT LAST JAB WAS A DANDY!
BUT WE CAN'T LET THEM HAVE ALL THE FUN!
I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT!
BIFF!
BAM!
POW!
MY WORD! IT'S THE REAL BATMAN AND ROBIN!
HELPING US!! HOW SMASHING!
MEANWHILE, THE GEMINI TWINS ARE GETTING AWAY! HOW ABOUT THAT?!?
I GIVE UP! LEAVE ME DOWN!
OH, I SAY! THAT'S CAPITAL! YOU MUST TEACH ME HOW TO DO THAT, ROBIN!
BOB KANE
IT LOOKS GREAT FUN!
JUST THE SAME, YOU'VE GOT A NERVE MAKING OUT THAT YOU'RE ME!!
BATCHAP AND I DO OWE YOU AN APOLOGY FOR IMITATING YOU!
SINCEREST SORT OF FLATTERY SORT OF THING, YOU KNOW!
THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT--
--WHILE YOU WERE BUSY PLAYING BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE TOP CROOKS GOT AWAY! IN A VERY FAST CAR!
FAST AND FURIOUS HAPPENINGS NEXT WEEK!

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Percy's Pets

AAGH! WHERE HAVE ALL THE ICE CUBES GONE?

SSH! NO TELLING!

HEH! HEH! WE CAN MAKE A SMASHING *IGLOO* WITH THESE ICE-CUBES!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! HAND THEM OVER! IT'S ALWAYS *ME* WHO GETS THE BLAME!

BAH! ROTTEN OLD PERCY!

NEVER MIND! WE CAN ALWAYS BUILD A SNOWMAN!

I'VE GOT SOME CURRANTS FOR HIS EYES!

CURRANTS

STOP! STOP! GRRR! GRRR!

OH, HELP! HERE COMES MUM— SHE MUST WANT HER DOUGH BACK!

AND HER CURRANTS!

LATER...

BRRR! WE LIKE WINTER GAMES BUT IT'S TOO COLD FOR US OUT THERE!

YEAH! WE'RE *NOT* ICE MICE!

HEH! HEH! *THIS* IS THE ANSWER — WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN SNOW INDOORS IN THE WARM!

SOAP FLAKES

YEAH! WE'LL USE MUM'S SOAP FLAKES! SNIGGER!

GRRR! SO YOU LOT ARE AT IT AGAIN— PLAYING WEATHER, EH? WELL, HERE COMES THE RAIN!

? ?

OH, HECK! I'VE HIT THE SOAP FLAKES WITH MY WATER PISTOL!

AAGH! HELP! WE'VE BEEN BUBBLED!

IT'S ALL THAT TWERP PERCY'S FAULT!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? I ALWAYS GET THE BLAME!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT!

POP! POP!

FLOUR

AAGH! MY DOUGH! THEY'VE LANDED IN IT WITH THEIR DIRTY LITTLE FEET! IT'S RUINED NOW!

HO! HO! GOOD OLD PERCY! HE DID US A GOOD TURN AFTER ALL!

WE'VE GOT A BOWL-FULL OF DOUGH NOW!

WHAT'S A PAL FOR? GULP!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

OLAY, FOLKS! I'M GOING BULL-FIGHTING TODAY!

CLICK!

NOT WITH ME SHE ISN'T! I'M **OFF!**

YAH! COWARD! I'LL SEE IF FARMER BROWN'S BULL IS ANY BETTER!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANY LITTLE DAME! LET HER COME! **SNORT!**

AAH! A FIGHT AT LAST!

SNORT!

OLAY!

NIFTY SWERVE.

AAGH! THE ROTTEN LITTLE **CHEAT!**

HEH! HEH! MY CAPE IS MADE OF CAST IRON!

CLANG!

GULP! IT WASN'T HARD ENOUGH! IT DIDN'T KNOCK HIM OUT!

HELP! YOU WOULDN'T HIT A LADY, WOULD YOU? **WAA-AAH!**

PHEW! MADE IT!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

I RECKON A FISHING ROD MIGHT BE BETTER THAN A CAPE!

????

BETTER THAN FISHING FOR TIDDLERS, SNIGGER!

GULP! THE PERISHING LINE HAS SNAPPED! NOW I'M FOR IT!

SNAP!

I RECKON I LOST THAT TOSS!

HUH! I'VE GOT TO KNOCK OUT THAT BIG FAT BULL SOMEHOW!

AHA! I'VE GOT IT!

ERK!

COME ON, HERBERT! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

HEH! HEH! I NEED YOU TO BACK ME UP, HERBERT!

GRRR! ROTTEN, BAD PENNY!

GIVE ME A KISS, YOU GREAT BIG HANDSOME BRUTE, YOU! SIGH!

SHUCKS! SHE ISN'T SO BAD HERSELF! FLUTTER!

HEH! HEH! LET'S GET ENGAGED THEN! YOU CAN GIVE ME **THAT** RING!

GRR! IT'S PENNY—AND SHE'S PINCHED MY RING!

YAHOO! GOT IT!

HELP! WAIT FOR ME!

LATER...

NO MORE BRUISED KNUCKLES KNOCKING ON THE DOOR NOW! THAT BULL'S RING MAKES A SMASHING KNOCKER! **HEH! HEH!**

ONLY PENNY WOULD GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO GET A RING!

BOO, HOO! WHAT A LIFE! **WHAT A LIFE!** I'M ENGAGED TO **PENNY!** WAA-AAH!

THERE BE SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH BILLY BULL! P'RAPS HE'S SUFFERIN' FROM CALF LOVE...

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

THE AMAZING **RUBBERMAN** AND HIS TRAPEZE STAR FRIEND, ALONZO, HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO THE ISLAND OF THE SINISTER COUNT ARENA. NOW THEY ARE TO PERFORM IN THE STRANGEST CIRCUS OF ALL TIME...

INSIDE THE BIG-TOP, TRUMPETS BLARE AS COUNT ARENA, SMILING WITH CRUEL ANTICIPATION, TAKES HIS SEAT...

RINGMASTER! CALL OUT THE RULES ...FOR THE BENEFIT OF **THE PERFORMERS!**

BEHIND AN IRON GRILLE, THREE MEN HEAR WHAT CRUEL FATE HAS IN STORE FOR THEM...

FOR A PERFORMANCE, THAT IN SKILL AND DARING, EARNS THE COUNT'S APPROVAL THE REWARD IS *SEVEN DAYS GRACE*—DURING WHICH TIME YOU WILL NOT BE REQUIRED TO PERFORM AGAIN IN THE RING...

...BUT THE PENALTY FOR A POOR PERFORMANCE, OR FOR FAILURE IN ANY SINGLE ACT—*IS DEATH!*

YOU'VE HEARD THE RULES, BIG-CAT MAN! NOW GET IN THE RING! *YOU'RE* STARTING THE SHOW!

ALL HE'S GOT TO DEFEND HIMSELF WITH IS AN ELECTRICALLY-TIPPED POLE AND A WHIP... *AND HIS SKILL!*

AND HE'LL NEED THEM ALL, TRAPEZE MAN, THOSE LIONS HAVEN'T BEEN FED FOR *TWO DAYS!*

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES THE LION-TAMER DOMINATES THE SNARLING BEASTS...

NOW WATCH THIS! HE'S GOT TO MAKE THAT LION JUMP OVER THE BACKS OF THE OTHERS. HE'S BEEN PRACTISING IT ALL WEEK—*BUT THE CATS WEREN'T HUNGRY THEN!*

THEN THE WHIP CRACKS...

HE'S DONE IT! NO, LOOK!... **IT'S *TWISTING!*** IT'S GOING TO CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF ITS LEAP...!

BE SILENT! IT IS IN INCIDENTS SUCH AS THIS THAT *A LIFE* HANGS IN THE BALANCE! I WANT TO SAVOUR EVERY THRILLING *SECOND* OF IT...!

FOR JUST A SECOND THE MAN IN THE RING FALTERS AND...

AAAAHHHH!

THE FOOL! HE HAS LOST THE POLE!

YOU HAVE FAILED! NOW—*FACE THE PENALTY!*

HELP!

BUT RUBBERMAN IS ABLE TO REACH THE FALLEN POLE...

GUARDS, STOP HIM!

MOVE BACK...!

AS THE LION BACKS AWAY...

PLEASE! LET ME OUT...!

DON'T THOSE FOOLS BACK THERE SEE WHAT RUBBERMAN IS DOING...?

HIS NERVE BROKEN, THE LION-TAMER SCRAMBLES TO ESCAPE FROM THE RING...

YOU OTHER GUARDS! STOP RUBBERMAN!

NO! **NO!** MERCY... I BEG YOU!

BUT BEFORE THE KILLER-GUARD CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER...

THERE'S NO MERCY FOR FAILURES HERE, YOU... UUHHHHHH!

BAAG!

KNOCKED OFF-BALANCE, THE GUARD FALLS INTO THE RING...

GET DOWN THERE! THOSE FOOLS NEED HELP TO OVERPOWER RUBBERMAN!

AAAAHHHHH!

RUBBERMAN'S ASTONISHING POWERS, TOGETHER WITH THE COURAGE OF ALONZO, HAVE PROVED MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE GUARDS...

DID YOU SAVE THAT POOR DEVIL, RUBBERMAN?

HE'S CLIMBED CLEAR OF THOSE LIONS, BUT... *LOOK OUT, ALONZO!*

AS MORE GUARDS RUSH THEM...

SHOOT THEM... UUUUHHHHH!

ORDINARY GUNS ARE NO USE AGAINST ***HIM!*** *LET ME THROUGH!*

THEN...

THIS NET-GUN WILL FIX HIM!

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US NOW?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM, COUNT?

FOR THE MOMENT, NOTHING. KEEP HIM TIED IN THE NET AND HAVE SOMEONE STAND GUARD OVER HIM! I HAVE ALREADY WORKED OUT THE PUNISHMENT FOR *HIS FRIEND HERE!*

MINUTES LATER...

YOU, ALONZO, ARE GOING TO ATTEMPT THE IMPOSSIBLE! *THE QUADRUPLE SOMERSAULT*... WITH THE LIONS WAITING BELOW IF YOU FALL!

AND THIS TIME *RUBBERMAN* WON'T BE THERE TO HELP HIM! RIGHT, COUNT?

WE BET YOU CAN'T WAIT FOR NEXT WEEK TO COME...AND YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED AT ***THE CIRCUS OF FEAR!***

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

COO! IT'S FREEZING OUTSIDE—AND LOOK AT THAT WIND!
IT'S A CHILL WIND THAT DOES RON SOME GOOD!
THAT WIND WILL SOON BLOW AWAY ALL MY MONEY!
TO THINK OF ALL THE WAYS I'VE TRIED, AND IT WAS AS EASY AS THAT!
OH, NO! THE WIND'S CHANGED—AND SO HAS MY LUCK!
I'LL JUST MAKE SURE I SHUT THE WINDOW THIS TIME!
CHEERIO, MUM! I'M BROKE NOW—I'M TODDLING OFF TO COLLECT MY MILLION QUID!
AAGH! NO! IT'S ALL COME BACK AGAIN!
WHAT A MESS! YOU'LL PICK UP EVERY ONE OF THESE—OR ELSE!
Y-YES, MUM!
GASP! A CHEQUE FOR £10,000! IT ISN'T MINE, HOW DID THAT GET HERE?
GOSH! I WONDER WHO LOST IT?
BY JINGO!
MY BOY! MY DEAR BOY! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!
ERK! HELP! WH-WHAT?
IT BLEW OUT OF MY HAND! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF THAT!
PLEASE! PLEASE! DON'T REWARD ME!
WHAT A KIND, UNSELFISH BOY!
I'LL DOUBLE WHAT I WAS GOING TO GIVE HIM! SUCH UNSELFISHNESS DESERVES A DOUBLE REWARD!
DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED—HE JUST FAINTED IN A FLASH! MOST STRANGE!
?

news from the floor of 64

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WHAT a Power-filled Period we're all passing through! We've just worked out the staggering statistics that if you're a Power Pack Person you could be receiving a FREE gift every week for SIX WEEKS out of SEVEN! Just in case we're being carried away by our own enthusiasm let's check the facts together right this instant—all cool and calm.

* * *

Let's see, now! Last week there was the FREE Spiderman gun in POW! This week in POW! there's the FREE Spiderman iron-on transfer for shirts and suchlike. And next week in POW! there's a third great FREE gift—a game that we call THE POWER GAME! (Don't miss this one after all the trouble we've taken over it!)

Well, if our arithmetic is right, so far we've totted up three weeks of free gifts. And we're only at the halfway mark, because two weeks after you get your free POWER GAME in POW! you'll be able to get yourself a FREE PENNANT WALLET for your bike or your bedroom wall.

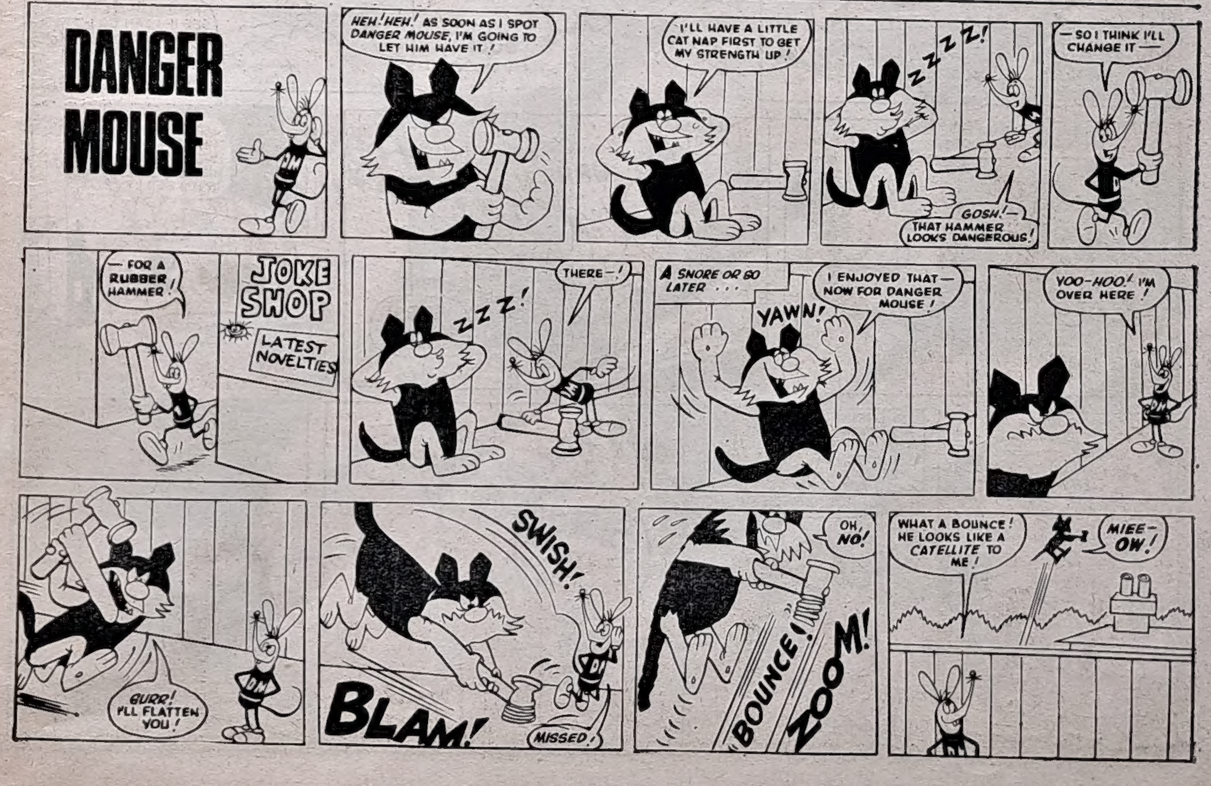
This pennant will be given away with each copy of the first issue of our new super-as-you-like-it comic FANTASTIC! This comic named itself! There was—there COULD BE—no other name for it than FANTASTIC! Wish we could show you the first issue right now! And if you haven't yet lost track remember that in the second issue of FANTASTIC! there'll be another FREE GIFT for you, and in the following issue there'll be yet another FREE GIFT!

Add all this up and you'll find that, as we said, it gives you six weeks of FREE GIFTS out of SEVEN! And if all this has left you somewhat confused, don't worry, because we're confused ourselves! Maybe that's because we've never given away so many free gizmos before! But remember. All you have to do *this* week is to make sure you get your copy of POW! All the rest can be taken in easy stages!

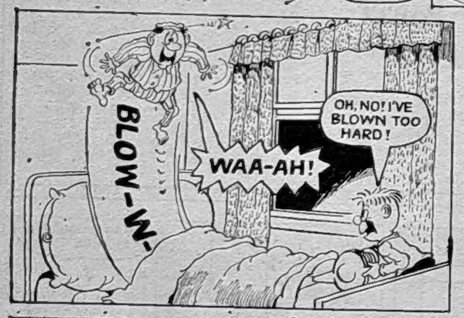
Meet Twenty Proud Power-Pack People.

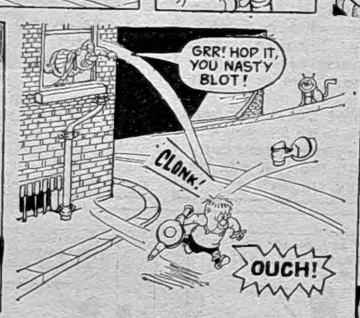
Peter Blackmore, Brackley, Northants.; Maurice Harper, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire; Robert Mashall, Cwmbran, Mon.; Janet Cutts, Poolsbrook, Derbyshire; Gary Anderson, Hornchurch, Essex; Martin Hulme, Blackley, Manchester 9; Ernest Croft, Dunstable, Beds.; Peter Hays, Riddings, Derbyshire; James McKenzie, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.; Gary Jones, Leicester; Bryan Smith, Camberley, Surrey; Ian Porter, South Shields, Co. Durham; Simon Richmond, Newcastle 2; Richard Doran, Stirlingshire, Scotland; Simon Balfre, Camberley, Surrey; Michael Nee, Crouch End, London; Steven Williams, Romford; Essex; Stephen Pragnell, Ferryhill, Co. Durham; Carol Morley, Leeds, Yorkshire; Joan Beck, Wirral, Cheshire.

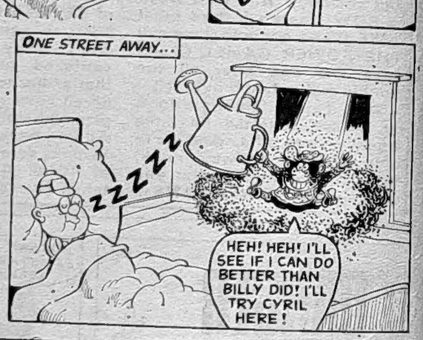
DANGER MOUSE

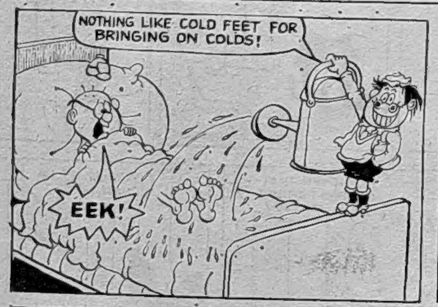

HEH! HEH! AS SOON AS I SPOT DANGER MOUSE, I'M GOING TO LET HIM HAVE IT!
I'LL HAVE A LITTLE CAT NAP FIRST TO GET MY STRENGTH UP!
ZZZZ!
GOSH! THAT HAMMER LOOKS DANGEROUS!
—SO I THINK I'LL CHANGE IT—
—FOR A RUBBER HAMMER!
JOKE SHOP
LATEST NOVELTIES
ZZZ!
THERE—!
A SNORE OR SO LATER . . .
YAWN!
I ENJOYED THAT—NOW FOR DANGER MOUSE!
YOO-HOO! I'M OVER HERE!
GURR! I'LL FLATTEN YOU!
SWISH!
BLAM!
MISSED!
OH, NO!
BOUNCE!
ZOOM!
WHAT A BOUNCE! HE LOOKS LIKE A CATELLITE TO ME!
MIEE-OW!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

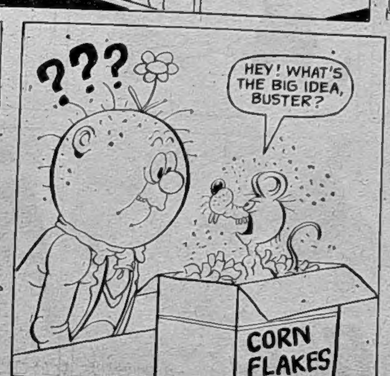


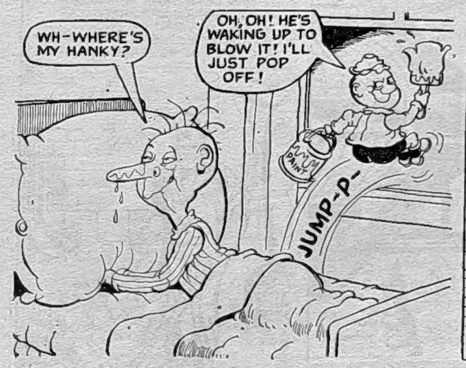






I'LL SPRINKLE PEPPER INTO HIS CORNFLAKES AND THEN HE'LL SNEEZE LIKE MAD IN THE MORNING, SO HIS MUM WILL THINK HE'S GOT A COLD AND KEEP HIM OFF SCHOOL! SNIGGER!
CORN FLAKES





BAH! I'M NOT AWAY BECAUSE OF A COLD! THAT SWOT'S BLOOMING BOOT DID THIS!
THROB!
...AND CYRIL'S PERISHING DOG GOT ME!
GRRR! GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!
SORE!
NEED YOU ASK?

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

"A TITAN RIDES THE TRAIN!"

Introducing: "THE LEADER" AND HIS INDESCRIBABLE HUMANOID!

AT LAST MY MIGHTY HUMANOID IS READY!

© Marvel Comic Group 1967

AS THE LEADER BEGINS TO REMOVE HIS AMAZING HEADPIECE, HIS THOUGHTS TRAVEL BACK... BACK IN TIME... TO THE MOMENT WHEN HE BECAME THE STRANGE BEING HE IS...

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY IT ALL STARTED...

"IT WAS LESS THAN A YEAR AGO! AN ORDINARY LABOURER WAS MOVING A LOAD OF WASTE MATERIAL IN THE SUB-CELLAR OF A CHEMICAL RESEARCH PLANT..."

DANG

"SUDDENLY, A ONE-IN-A-MILLION FREAK ACCIDENT OCCURRED, AS AN EXPERIMENTAL GAMMA RAY CYLINDER EXPLODED!"

"THE TRAPPED LABOURER WAS HELPLESSLY CAUGHT IN THE BLAST, WITHOUT WARNING... WITH NO PLACE TO TURN...!"

"FOR A PERIOD OF ALMOST A FULL MINUTE HIS ENTIRE BODY WAS BOMBARDED BY THE MYSTERIOUS GAMMA RAYS, ONE OF THE STRONGEST FORCES KNOWN TO MAN!"

"ALTHOUGH A FRACTION OF THE DOSAGE HE RECEIVED WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO KILL A DOZEN MEN, FOR SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON THE LABOURER SURVIVED HIS UNCANNY ORDEAL! MEDICAL SCIENCE WAS BAFFLED! HE SEEMED COMPLETELY UNHARMED.. ALTHOUGH IN ONE WAY, HE WAS DIFFERENT..."

HERE ARE THE ADDITIONAL BOOKS YOU ASKED FOR!

GOOD! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET ENOUGH TO READ!

"EVEN AFTER LEAVING THE OBSERVATION WARD, HE DEVOURED EVERY BOOK HE COULD FIND!"

I WAS JUST AN UNSKILLED LABOURER! I NEVER EVEN FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL! BUT NOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN, MY BRAIN HUNGERS FOR LEARNING, FOR KNOWLEDGE!

ALONE IN HIS HIDDEN LAB SITS **The LEADER!**

THE HUMAN RACE IS STILL UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE MENACE HE POSES TO THE WORLD! AND THE HULK CANNOT POSSIBLY SUSPECT HOW SOON HE WILL BE BATTLING THE LEADER'S HUMANOID... WITH THE FUTURE OF MANKIND HANGING ON THE OUTCOME!

ONLY STAN LEE COULD HAVE WRITTEN THIS MONUMENTAL MASTERPIECE!

ONLY STEVE DITKO COULD HAVE DRAWN THESE POWERFUL PANELS!

ONLY GEO. BELL COULD HAVE INKED THIS SENSATIONAL SAGA!

ONLY S. ROSEN COULD HAVE LETTERED HIS NAME S. ROSEN!

"HE STUDIED LIKE A MAN POSSESSED... AND HE REMEMBERED EVERYTHING HE READ! HIS MIND ABSORBED KNOWLEDGE LIKE A SPONGE! BUT THEN, ONE DAY, A NEW CHANGE CAME OVER HIM!"

EVERYTHING'S SPINNING AROUND!

"ALTHOUGH HE DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME, IT HAD TAKEN THIS LONG FOR THE EFFECTS OF THE GAMMA RAYS TO FINALLY BE FELT! AND, AS HE LAY ON THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS, THE TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE..."

"SLOWLY, CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED WEAKLY, HE BEGAN TO LIFT HIMSELF FROM THE FLOOR... STILL NOT DREAMING, NOT SUSPECTING WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM!"

"IT WAS NOT UNTIL HE LOOKED INTO THE MIRROR THAT HE KNEW...!"

I'VE... BECOME SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN!

I AM THAT ONCE UNSKILLED LABOURER! THAT MAN WHO HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED BY THE GAMMA RAYS INTO ONE OF THE GREATEST BRAINS THAT EVER LIVED!

MY FORMER NAME IS MEANINGLESS NOW! I CHOOSE TO BE KNOWN SIMPLY AS... THE LEADER!

WITH MY GREAT INTELLIGENCE, I ORGANIZED A VAST SPY RING, SEEKING TO TAKE OVER THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT! BUT THOSE WHO WORKED FOR ME WERE NOT EQUAL TO THE TASK!

HOWEVER, I HAVE NOW CREATED MY OWN HUMANOID! HE ALONE IS WORTHY TO SERVE ME... FOR I HAVE MADE HIM ALL-POWERFUL!

BUT NOW, LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A MISSILE BASE IN NEW MEXICO, WHERE WE FIND...

NO TRACE OF FALL-OUT FROM THE EXPLOSION YESTERDAY! THE AREA IS SAFE FOR PERSONNEL!

WHAT LUCK! THIS BOULDER SAVED ME FROM THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION... AND HID ME FROM DR BANNER AS WELL!

I WAS A FOOL TO TACKLE THE HULK SINGLE-HANDED!*

*SEE SMASH 51.

BUT NOW I CAN DISPOSE OF MY LATEST DISGUISE AND BECOME THE CHAMELEON AGAIN! PERHAPS I CAN STILL BE OF SERVICE TO THE LEADER BEFORE I MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE!

AND, IN THE OFFICE OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS, BASE COMMANDER...

MAJOR TALBOT, ONE OF DR. BANNER'S LATEST NUCLEAR INVENTIONS IS TO BE MOVED TO ANOTHER BASE BY TRAIN, AND THE PENTAGON WANTS BANNER TO GO WITH IT TO EXPLAIN ITS OPERATION AT THE NEW BASE!

BUT I'M CONVINCED THAT BANNER IS A SECURITY RISK, SIR!

I DON'T TRUST HIM EITHER, MAJOR! I'M SURE HE'S MIXED UP WITH THE HULK IN SOME WAY! BUT WE CAN'T ARGUE WITH THE PENTAGON!

HOWEVER, I'M SENDING YOU, AS SECURITY OFFICER, TO KEEP HIM UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE!

GOOD! I'LL LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM SOMEHOW, GENERAL!

AND SO... YOU'RE NOT TO LEAVE THE TRAIN UNTIL IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION, BANNER! AND MAJOR TALBOT WILL HAVE HIS EYE ON YOU AT ALL TIMES! THEY MAY THINK YOU'RE A TOP SCIENTIST IN WASHINGTON, BUT I STILL DON'T TRUST YOU!

YOU'VE MANAGED TO MAKE ME VERY AWARE OF THAT, GENERAL!

HMM! I'M GLAD THAT I REMAINED HERE, DISGUISED AS A WORKER! THE LEADER WILL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS SHIPMENT!

THEN, AFTER THE CHAMELEON HAS CONTACTED THE MASTER SPY...

BANNER'S NUCLEAR DEVICE MUST NOT REACH ITS DESTINATION! AND YOU, MY HUMANOID, WILL SEE THAT IT DOESN'T!

WITH THIS HEADPIECE WHICH I DESIGNED, I CAN MENTALLY CONTROL YOUR EVERY MOVEMENT! LET US GIVE IT ITS FINAL TEST!

WALK SLOWLY TOWARDS ME! AHH, GOOD! GOOD!

THERE IS AN IRON BAR ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF YOU! ...PICK IT UP!

NOW BEND IT! AHHH, WONDERFUL! THE STRENGTH I HAVE GIVEN YOU IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!

THROUGH THIS SPECTROSCOPIC TRANSCEIVER, I CAN SEE EVERYTHING THAT *YOU* SEE, MY HUMANOID! THERE I AM NOW... EXACTLY AS *YOU* SEE ME!

NOW WALK TO MY REMOTE CONTROL HELICOPTER, AND THEN ENTER IT! IT WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR OBJECTIVE!

AN HOUR LATER... PERFECT TIMING! BANNER'S TRAIN IS BELOW! SOON, HIS NEWEST NUCLEAR SECRETS SHALL BE *MINE!*

NOW *DESCEND!* SLOWLY... SLOWLY...!! *LOOK! A WHIRLYBIRD!* IT'S NOT ONE OF *OURS!*

STOP! STOP, OR I'LL *SHOOT!* THE BULLET WENT *THROUGH* HIM ...WITHOUT *AFFECTING* HIM! IT'S LIKE HE'S A LIVING *SPONGE!* CRACK!

SECONDS LATER... BETTER COME *QUICK*, MAJOR! LOOKS LIKE BIG TROUBLE! *MY DEVICE!* IT MUSTN'T FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS!! AT *EASE*, BANNER! YOU STAY PUT! *I'LL* HANDLE THIS!

I'M ORDERING YOU TO STAY IN THIS CAR UNTIL I SEE WHAT'S GOING *ON* OUT THERE! IF IT'S SOME SORT OF SCHEME OF *YOURS*, IT WON'T *WORK*, MISTER! BUT, IF MY NUCLEAR DEVICE IS IN DANGER, I SHOULD *BE* THERE! IT REPRESENTS YEARS OF WORK!

SLAM! I'M *LOCKED IN!* BUT I'VE *GOT* TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON! IF ANY-THING HAPPENS TO MY MACHINE...!!

BUT THEN, DUE TO THE STRAIN AND WORRY, DR. BRUCE BANNER'S PULSE RATE CHANGES, HIS HEART-BEAT SPEEDS UP, TRIGGERING THE INCREDIBLE CHANGE WHICH HE CAN NEVER CONTROL...

OH, NO!! NOT *AGAIN!* DON'T...DON'T LET IT HAPPEN *AGAIN!!*

BUT, HAPPEN IT *DOES!!* WHERE SECONDS BEFORE A NORMAL SCIENTIST HAD STOOD, *NOW* THE RAMPAGING FORM OF THE INCREDIBLE *HULK* EXPLODES INTO ACTION!!

NO ONE LOCKS THE *HULK* IN!!

HAK!

MEANWHILE, FOLLOWING THE *LEADER'S* MENTAL COMMANDS, THE OBEDIENT HUMANOID UNCOUPLES THE CAR CONTAINING THE NUCLEAR DEVICE!!

WELL DONE, MY MINDLESS ONE! NOW, THE MILITARY GUARDS IN THE OTHER SECTION ARE HELP-LESS TO INTERFERE!

PREPARE FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS! THE OTHER SECTION IS ALREADY BEGINNING TO LOSE SPEED AND LAG BEHIND! THEY CANNOT AFFECT YOU!

BUT, THE LEADER IS *WRONG!* THERE IS ONE WHO *CAN* AFFECT THE HUMANOID...

ONE KNOWN AS THE *HULK*... WHOSE INCREDIBLE LEGS ARE POWER-FUL ENOUGH TO HURL HIM TO THE OTHER SECTION OF THE TRAIN...

MEANWHILE, NOT YET AWARE OF THE ONRUSHING HULK, THE LEADER ORDERS HIS HUMANOID TO UN-COVER THE NUCLEAR DEVICE, SO HE CAN STUDY IT!

A FEW SECONDS OF OBSERVATION WILL BE ALL I NEED!

BUT EVEN THOSE FEW SECONDS ARE DESTINED TO BE DENIED HIM, AS THE HULK ATTACKS!!

HOWEVER, FOR ONCE THE GREEN GOLIATH'S STRENGTH ACTS *AGAINST* HIM, AS THE FORCE OF HIS LUNGE CAUSES HIM TO *BOUNCE BACK* FORCIBLY DUE TO THE SPONGE-LIKE COMPOSITION OF THE HUMANOID'S BODY!!!

AND THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE LEADER REALLY *SEES* THE HULK, THROUGH THE EYES OF HIS HUMANOID...

I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE... BUT I'M *NOT!* THERE IS *ANOTHER!!*

...THAT TITANIC MONSTER *ALSO* HAS GREEN SKIN! CAN IT BE THAT HIS *STRENGTH* IS THE RESULT OF GAMMA RAYS, AS MY *INTELLECT* IS??

BUT, THE HULK IS CONCERNED WITH NO SUCH PHILOSOPHICAL QUERIES! TO *HIM*, ALL THAT MATTERS IS SMASHING AN ENEMY...AS HE BATTLES WITH THE FURY AND MINDLESS RAGE OF A THOUSAND DEMONS!!

AND YET, THE LIMITLESS STRENGTH WHICH CAN CRUSH ANY OTHER LIVING MORTAL IS POWERLESS TO DEFEAT A FOE WHOSE BODY HAS THE RESILIENCY OF A *SPONGE!*

FOR THE HUMANOID FEELS NO PAIN... HE HAS NO MUSCLES WHICH CAN ACHE AND GROW WEARY... NO BRAIN WHICH CAN REGISTER FEAR AND PANIC...

FALL!! DO YOU *HEAR?!!* WHY DON'T YOU *FALL?!!*

MEANWHILE, SAFELY HIDDEN, MANY MILES FROM THE SCENE, THE LEADER CALMLY DIRECTS THE STRANGE BATTLE!

THEY'RE APPROACHING AN *OVERPASS!* THIS IS THE TIME...!!

YOU POSSESS THE POWER TO GIVE HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRIC SHOCKS, MY HUMANOID! *USE* THAT POWER...

SO SEVERE AND UNEXPECTED IS THE PAIN, THAT THE STARTLED HULK RELEASES HIS IRON GRIP FOR A SECOND...

...ALLOWING THE HUMANOID TO HURL HIM INTO THE AIR...

MY TIMING WAS *PERFECT!* THIS WILL BE THE END OF THE MINDLESS MONSTER!!

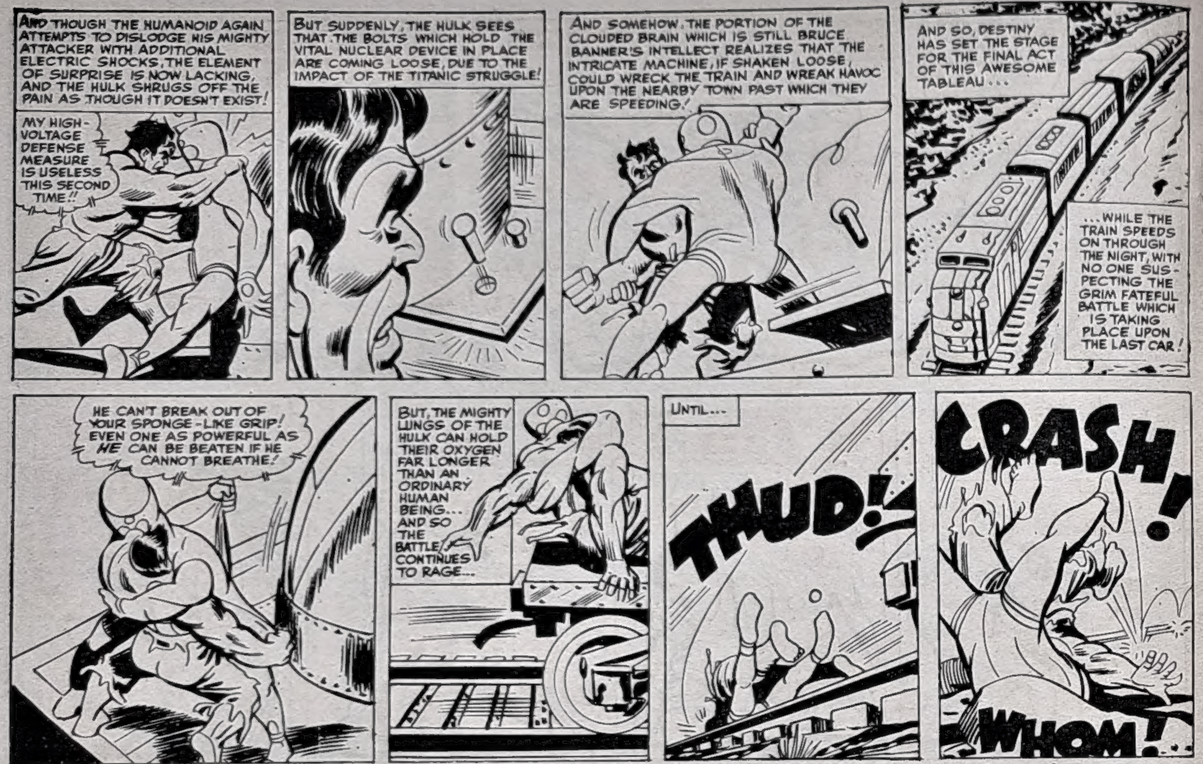
BUT THE INCREDIBLE *HULK* IS NOT SO EASILY DEFEATED! POSSESSING THE MIGHTIEST MUSCLES OF ANY LIVING MORTAL...

...HE PERFORMS A SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE FEAT! BY SHEER BRUTE POWER ALONE, BY ACTUAL MUSCLE CONTROL, HE FORCES HIS FLYING BODY TO LIFT ITSELF *UP*, OVER THE SOLID STONE TRESTLE!

NOTE: THE MAN DRIVING UNDER THE HULK WILL SOON BECOME KNOWN AS THE BIGGEST *LIAR* IN HIS ENTIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD!

ONLY THE *HULK* COULD HAVE ATTEMPTED IT! ONLY THE *HULK* WOULD HAVE BEEN CAPABLE OF IT! ONLY THE *HULK* COULD HAVE *DONE* IT!!

HE'S *BACK!* PERHAPS THE MUSCULAR MONSTER IS *NOT* AS MINDLESS AS I THOUGHT! PERHAPS HE IS TRULY A WORTHY FOE FOR THE *LEADER!*


AND THOUGH THE HUMANOID AGAIN ATTEMPTS TO DISLODGE HIS MIGHTY ATTACKER WITH ADDITIONAL ELECTRIC SHOCKS, THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS NOW LACKING, AND THE HULK SHRUGS OFF THE PAIN AS THOUGH IT DOESN'T EXIST!
MY HIGH-VOLTAGE DEFENSE MEASURE IS USELESS THIS SECOND TIME!!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE HULK SEES THAT THE BOLTS WHICH HOLD THE VITAL NUCLEAR DEVICE IN PLACE ARE COMING LOOSE, DUE TO THE IMPACT OF THE TITANIC STRUGGLE!
AND SOMEHOW, THE PORTION OF THE CLOUDED BRAIN WHICH IS STILL BRUCE BANNER'S INTELLECT REALIZES THAT THE INTRICATE MACHINE, IF SHAKEN LOOSE, COULD WRECK THE TRAIN AND WREAK HAVOC UPON THE NEARBY TOWN PAST WHICH THEY ARE SPEEDING!
AND SO, DESTINY HAS SET THE STAGE FOR THE FINAL ACT OF THIS AWESOME TABLEAU...
...WHILE THE TRAIN SPEEDS ON THROUGH THE NIGHT, WITH NO ONE SUSPECTING THE GRIM FATEFUL BATTLE WHICH IS TAKING PLACE UPON THE LAST CAR!
HE CAN'T BREAK OUT OF YOUR SPONGE-LIKE GRIP! EVEN ONE AS POWERFUL AS HE CAN BE BEATEN IF HE CANNOT BREATHE!
BUT, THE MIGHTY LUNGS OF THE HULK CAN HOLD THEIR OXYGEN FAR LONGER THAN AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING... AND SO THE BATTLE CONTINUES TO RAGE...
UNTIL...
THUD!
CRASH!
WHOM!
THE SCREEN IS BLANK! THE IMPACT MADE ME LOSE CONTACT! I CAN'T CONTROL THE HUMANOID!
AND WITHOUT MY MENTAL CONTROL, HE BECOMES A LIFELESS, MOTIONLESS NON-ENTITY!
BUT, ALTHOUGH THE HUMANOID LIES WHERE HE HAS FALLEN, THE HULK, WHOSE MIGHTY MUSCLES HAVE SHRUGGED OFF THE IMPACT, THUNDERS INTO ACTION AGAIN!
I CAN STILL REACH THE TRAIN IF I LEAP HIGH ENOUGH... FAST ENOUGH!
AND, AS THE GRIM, GREEN GOLIATH HURTLES THROUGH THE AIR, THE NUCLEAR DEVICE SHAKES ITSELF LOOSE, FALLING BACK TOWARDS THE TANK WHICH IS BEHIND IT!
BUT, BEFORE IT CAN MAKE CONTACT, ACHIEVING CRITICAL MASS, AN INCREDIBLE STEEL-MUSCLED FLYING FIGURE HURLS IT FROM THE TRAIN WITH THE FORCE OF A THOUSAND TORNADOES!!
WHUUPP!
HARMLESSLY LANDING IN THE SOFT SAND, THE NUCLEAR DEVICE REMAINS INERT, AS THE DANGER IS ENDED! BUT, THE STRAIN OF THE PAST FEW MINUTES BEGINS TO TELL ON THE INCREDIBLE HULK, AS HIS TORTURED BODY AGAIN BEGINS TO UNDERGO ITS CATACLYSMIC CHANGE...
NO! I DON'T WANT TO BE THE PUNY BANNER AGAIN!! I WANT TO REMAIN THE HULK!!
WHY MUST THIS ALWAYS HAPPEN TO ME?? WHY? WHY??
SOME TIME LATER, A CRUISING, SEARCHING HELICOPTER DISCOVERS WHAT IT IS SEEKING...
THERE IT IS, DIRECTLY AHEAD! PROCEED TO LAND CAUTIOUSLY, LIEUTENANT!
THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMEONE DOWN THERE WITH THE MACHINE, MAJOR TALBOT!

THEN, AFTER THE SHIP HAS LANDED...
BANNER! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! ALL RIGHT, MISTER... YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! YOU WERE ORDERED TO REMAIN LOCKED IN THAT RAILROAD CAR... AND NOW I FIND YOU HERE, NEAR THE MISSING NUCLEAR DEVICE!
GUARD! PLACE THAT MAN UNDER ARREST!
© Marvel Comic Group 1967
AND, AS THE WEARY SCIENTIST IS TAKEN TO A MILITARY PRISON, A STRANGE MAN SITS ALONE IN HIS STUDY, PONDERING THE EVENTS WE HAVE JUST WITNESSED...
I'VE GOT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE ONE CALLED THE HULK! IN ALL THE WORLD, ONLY HE HAS THE POWER TO FRUSTRATE ME! I MUST DESTROY HIM! MY BRAIN IS A MORE POTENT WEAPON THAN HIS BODY... AND IT SHALL PROVE TO BE HIS UNDOING!
WHILE MILES AWAY...
THERE IS NO EXPLANATION WHICH WILL FREE ME... WITHOUT ADMITTING I'M THE HULK! WHAT DO I DO NOW?
NEXT ISSUE! PREPARE YOURSELF FOR SOME STARTLING NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN THE LIFE OF BRUCE BANNER, AND THE HULK! AND OUR THANKS TO ALL OF YOU FOR YOUR WILDLY ENTHUSIASTIC LETTERS PRAISING THIS UNIQUE NEW SERIES! KEEP DUCKING THOSE GAMMA RAYS, AND WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISH!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear SMASH!,
Pitlochry is a small place and there is not much to do. I look forward to Mondays because it is SMASH!-day. I think SMASH! is great. I am looking forward to the battle between the Hulk, F.F. and the Avengers because I know it will be fantastic.
P.S.—If this letter is printed can I have a Hulk sweatshirt?

David Donald,
Pitlochry, Perthshire.

Pitlochry may be small, David, but places don't come much prettier. We were there once. Isn't there a hydro-plant man-made loch nearby that looks like the real thing? (We put that in just to prove that we really were there once.) Sorry we've now run out of HULK sweatshirts—so we're sending you a poundsworth of pocket-money instead.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
My family have voted me a "Smasher" as I was the one who spotted SMASH! a few months ago in the newsagent's and persuaded my two sons to change. Now I can hardly wait for SMASH!-day to read my favourites, The Swots and the Blots. I'm asking for trouble here I know, but I don't like the Hulk. My sons say it's because I'm "dead old." If mothers can win the £1, mine will pay for the SMASH! and WHAM! Annuals I've ordered for Christmas. As long as you promise to keep SMASH! going I will remain,

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. Forbes,
Weaste, Lancs.

P.S.—Am I "dead old" at 29?

"Dead old" at 29? We've met lots of "old folks" under twenty. And we know quite a few "young 'uns" who stopped counting the years at fifty. But from your letter we don't think you've anything to worry about. Look back five years and we bet you'll be thinking of yourself as younger than springtime when you were a tender twenty-four. And it'll be just the same five years from now when you look back upon yourself as you are today. That'll be the moment when you know for certain how "Dead Young" you are right now.

Alf and Cos.

Dear SMASH!
Sometimes you call the Hulk the Hulk and sometimes The Avengers. Which is it? Because sometimes you put neither. As I wish to know the readers' opinion, please let them know.

Richard Huddart,
Wellingborough, Northants.

If you're confused, Richard, don't worry about it one little bit, because we're confused too. But it's the HULK who is the star of his own series. When such characters as the Avengers or the Fantastic Four get in on the act they come in as guest stars.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think SMASH! is an improvement upon any other magazine. My younger brother reads nothing else but SMASH! and WHAM!. I bought many comic magazines but none of them match up to SMASH! and WHAM!. Why don't you make a badge of The Power Comic then other people would know that we read SMASH! and WHAM!

Thomas Doubler,
North Kenton,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Thomas—we couldn't have put it better ourselves. We've been trying and trying to inform everyone that the world is an easier place to live in if you're a POWER PERSON. But, do you know—there are still one or two people who haven't yet got the message. Take Pity on these Poor POWER-less ones—they have yet to learn what true living can really be.

We wish—oh, how we wish!—we could send out badges to each and everyone of you all. But believe us—there are complications. However, we're still trying, and we don't give up easily.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I am a dedicated SMASH! fan. Ever since SMASH! came out I have been the happiest boy in Market Rasen.
The Hulk's too incredible for words and battling with the Thing gets my blood rising and falling. Every single person in our form says that SMASH! is the one and only power-packed comic in the world and any other planet that sells other weak-kneed comics. Rubberman is fantastic also. I hope he never gets the formula off that Indian fakir or I shall write a very strong letter to the fakir.
I doubt if this letter will get published, but if it does, thank you very, very much.

Leigh Malzahn,
Market Rasen, Lincs.

And a "Thank-you" to the happiest boy in Market Rasen for making us two feel the happiest editors in London. And do you know, Leigh, we have a hunch that the good times are only just starting. Wait and see what 1967 brings and see if we're not right.

Alf and Cos.

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Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

WOW! SMASHING! IT'S "LOST IN SPACE"— THE PROGRAMME WITH ALL THE SMASHING MONSTERS AND SPACE-MEN AND THINGS!

COO! THE MARTIANS HAVE CAUGHT THE ROBINSONS! I'D HATE TO BE IN THEIR SHOES RIGHT NOW!

HELP! THEY'VE COME OUT! THEY'RE INVADING THE EARTH!

STICK UP YOUR HANDS, EARTHLING!

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!

I S-SUPPOSE HE MUST MEAN DAD!

ER—WE'VE GOT A VISITOR, DAD! GULP!

AAGH! HELP! THEY'VE ARRIVED! THE MARTIANS HAVE LANDED! CALL OUT THE HOME GUARD!

FOOLISH EARTHLING! IF HIM EARTH LEADER, I WOULD HATE TO SEE THE REST!

GULP! IT MUST BE A PARALYSER GUN!

I THINK IT'S TIME I DID SOME-THING—LIKE GIVING YOU A HAMMERING!

TOK

AGHEE! TREACHERY!

OH, BOY! CAN I HAVE FUN WITH THIS THING!

AND SO...

GRRR! I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO KNOCK OFF MY HELMET, LAD!

COD! P.C. NABB IS AFTER MY PAL, JIMMY!

HELP! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO P.C. NABB? GULP!

WHAT A WEAPON!

NOW WHAT'S CHARLIE UP TO...?

JUST WATCH THIS! SNIGGER!

YAH! BOO! IT'S A FIX!

LET'S HAVE SOME ACTION!

BOO! BOO! BOO!

LATER...

NAUGHTY OLD TABBY! I THINK I'LL HELP THAT POOR LITTLE MOUSE!

HEH! HEH! IMAGINE ME SCARING A CAT STIFF! WAIT TILL THE LADS HEAR ABOUT THIS!

I ALWAYS LIKE TO HELP THE UNDER-MOUSE!

HELP! "LOST IN SPACE" FINISHES IN FIVE MINUTES! I'D BETTER GET THAT MARTIAN BACK IN THE TELLY AT THE DOUBLE!

BUT HIS **GUN** ISN'T GOING BACK IN! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YEARS!

IN YOU GO, MARTY— I WOULDN'T LIKE TO PUT YOU BACK INTO CORONATION STREET!

GOSH! THAT MARTIAN'S REALLY IN A TEMPER—HE'S MAKING THE TELLY SHAKE!

G-GULP! HE'S SENT THE TELLY OFF THE TABLE WITH HIS JUMPING!

SMASH!

OH, NO! IT'S SMASHED THE RAY GUN TO BITS!

PHEW! I'M ALL RIGHT AGAIN! IT MUST'VE BEEN A HORRIBLE DREAM!

SUFFERING SATURNS! I THOUGHT THOSE TELLY PROGRAMMES WERE MEANT TO BE REALISTIC! WHO EVER HEARD OF A MARTIAN BEING ARMED WITH A SLEDGE HAMMER!

BAH! IT'S REAL ALL RIGHT— AND IT WAS A BAD SWOP! GRR!

STEP FORWARD, YOU SPIDER-MAN FANS!

(If that doesn't include everyone it soon will).

And get the swingiest zingiest comic to arrive on the scene. It's the latest and greatest from the Power House.

A POWER COMIC

THE BRAND NEW COMIC FOR THE NEW BREED OF COMIC FANS

POW!

No. 2
28th JAN 19
EVERY MONDA
7d

BE SEEING YA!

WHEN I SAY MOVE, I MEAN MOVE!

COME AND MEET THE OTHER DOLLS OF ST DOMINICS INSIDE!

FREE INSIDE

THIS FABULOUS IRON-ON TRANSFER

OF THE AMAZING SPIDER MAN

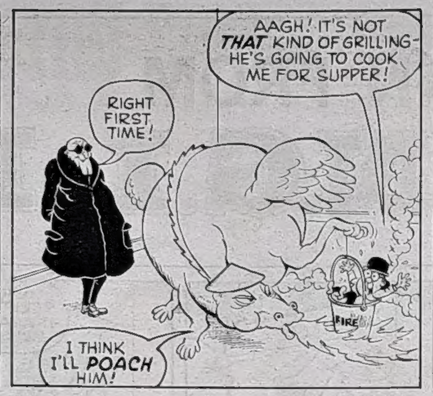
POW! IT'S YOUR FRIENDLY

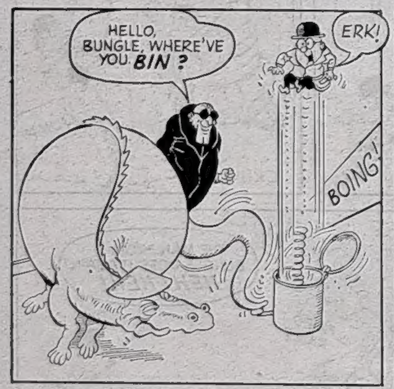
NUMBER TWO IS ON SALE NOW!

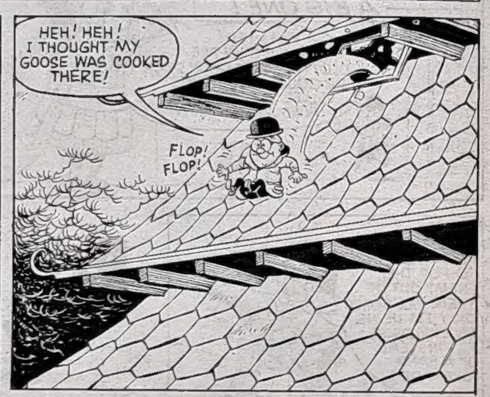
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

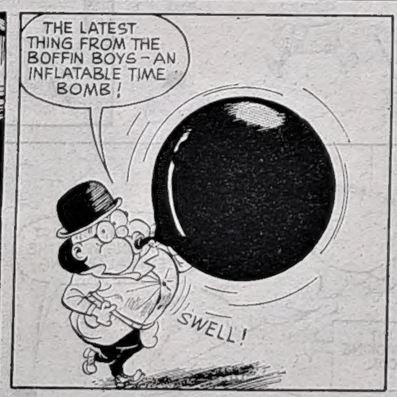
THE MAN FROM BUNGLE IS DISPOSING OF DR GOOLE'S FIENDISH CURRY POWDER – BUT HE'S SOON TO FIND THAT SOME PIECES OF ARMOUR HAVE A CHINK IN THEM – A BIG ONE!
HEH! HEH! NOW ME CHOPPEE CLOTTEE WITH CHOP STICK – DR GOOLE WILL BE MOST VELLEE PLEASED WITH HONOURABLE SERVANT!
CURRY
AAGH! THE ROTTEN SCRIPT WRITER'S DONE IT AGAIN! HE'S BETRAYED ME! NOW FOR THE CHOP!
SCREECH
PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE, AND IT WAS NO AXE-IDENT!
JUMP!
CRUNCH!
HERE'S WHAT THEY DO IN THE ARMY TO POP THE ENEMY OUT OF THEIR PILL-BOXES! ONLY I'M USING AN EXPLOSIVE PILL INSTEAD OF A HAND GRENADE!
ZOOM
BOOM!
DAZE!
FRIED RICE?
THE MAN FROM BUNGLE DOES IT AGAIN! HEH! HEH!
CURR
PHEW! IT AIN'T HALF GETTING HOT!
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THE CENTRAL-HEATING!
DOESN'T THIS NIT KNOW THAT SMOKING IS BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH?
HEH! HEH! US CHINESE DRAGONS ARE HOT STUFF!
AIEEEOOH!
HOW'S THAT? ME GOTTEE HIM LICKED!
SCORCH!
LICK!
OH, WELL DONE, HOTLIPS! WELL DONE! YOU'VE CAUGHT THE MEDDLING MENACE! NOW GET ME DOWN FROM HERE!
FIRE
SSSS!
FZZT!
DRAGONS ARE HANDY PETS TO HAVE AROUND!
COO! WISH I GOT SERVICE LIKE THAT!
SHOVE!

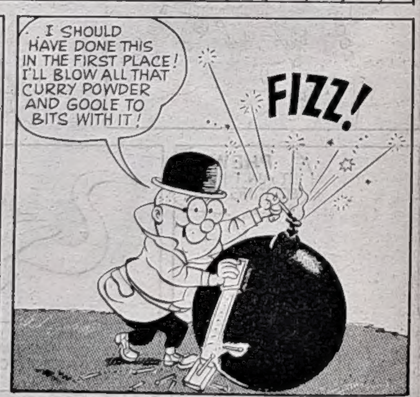
AS A SPECIAL TREAT, HOTLIPS, I'LL LET YOU HAVE THE MAN FROM BUNGLE FOR GRILLING!
GRILLING? OH, DEAR! THEY MUST BE GOING TO QUESTION ME!
FIRE

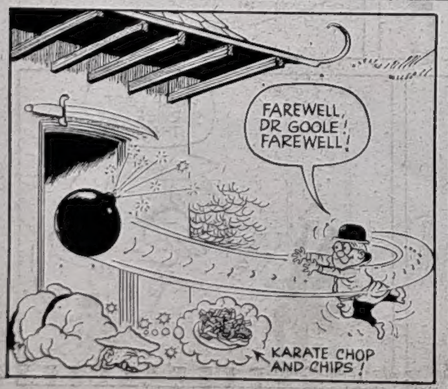




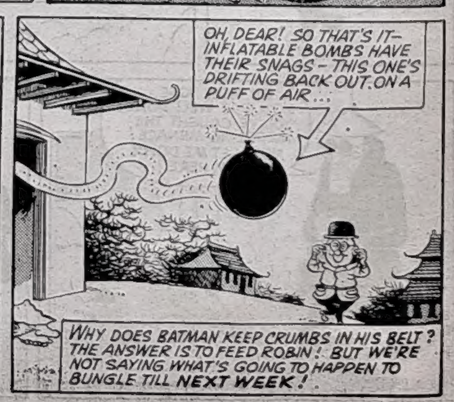








WELL, WHERE HAS THE MAN FROM BUNGLE BUNGLED THIS WEEK? HAVE A GUESS BEFORE YOU LOOK AT THE LAST PICTURE!
HEH! HEH! WAIT FOR IT! WAIT FOR IT!


OH, DEAR! SO THAT'S IT- INFLATABLE BOMBS HAVE THEIR SNAGS - THIS ONE'S DRIFTING BACK OUT ON A PUFF OF AIR...
WHY DOES BATMAN KEEP CRUMBS IN HIS BELT? THE ANSWER IS TO FEED ROBIN! BUT WE'RE NOT SAYING WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO BUNGLE TILL NEXT WEEK!

MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

IT'S not a good idea to scare your best mate to death or turn him into a frog with your magic powers, so I'm not going to tell you how to do it. But here's a trick that will have him thinking twice about you— because you are going to make one of his arms shorter than the other for a few seconds.

Better tell him what you're going to do before you start, so that he can back out if he wants to. And put away that chopper behind *your back—you're going to do it with a spell that is absolutely guaranteed painless.*

Here goes . . .

Tell him to stand facing the wall at arms' length. Now he must raise his right arm to the wall and press his fingertips hard against it. While he is doing this you wave your hands over his outstretched arm and, with your eyes closed, mutter the magical words Rhubarb and Custard beneath your breath six times.

Tell him to stand still where he is — lower his arm, and rub his elbow hard with his other hand. It is now shorter than the other! *Don't bother checking with a ruler —if he now raises both his arms to press his fingertips to the wall, his left hand will do it, BUT HIS RIGHT HAND WILL NOT REACH!*

You'd better get your mate a chair while he recovers from that shock—and here's your chance to give him another.

Challenge him to get up from the chair without bending forwards. He'll find it is impossible.

Magic Mirror

Have you shown your mate that magic mirror in your house? What's that—you haven't got one!

Well, get some French chalk and you can make your mirror give a "Yes" or "No" to any question your mate likes to ask it.

Here's how. . . .

First, breathe on the mirror, then dipping your finger in French chalk write the word *Yes* then write the word *No* some distance beneath it.

Gently wipe both words off the mirror with a clean, soft cloth and it is all ready for the trick.

All you do to make either word reappear to give the right answer to your mate's question, is to breathe on the spot where you wrote it.

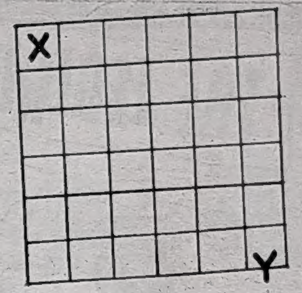
JAIL BREAK

Here is a prison with 36 cells in it.

You are imprisoned in cell X and, of course, you want to get out. Not only that, but you want to release every other prisoner—so before you get out you must visit *every* cell *once*. And you cannot go back into any cell you have already visited except your own.

You can go out of any cell through any of the walls, but not through the corners.

And, of course, the only final way out is through cell Y.



You've got the rest of this week to pull off the big jail break. I'll tell you how I did it NEXT WEEK!

Anyway, thanks to Knowall Bruce Estridge of Drogheda, Ireland, for this great puzzle.

BLOW IT!

Challenge your mates to a test to see who has got the most electricity in his hair. You are going to win, of course, and here's how. . .

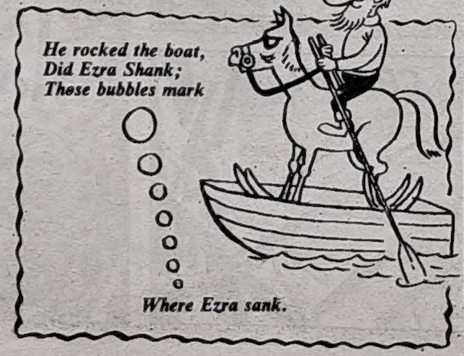
Put a marble on the table and tell them you can move it with the electricity you collect in one finger from your hair. So saying, rub a finger in your hair and hold it in front of the marble. Sure enough, the marble will slowly roll towards it. But when your mates try—nothing happens.

Why?

The secret is that when you do the trick you hold your head down low over the table and softly blow the marble towards your finger. This can be easily done so that no one can possibly notice.

CARTOON FROM: A. COX, PETERBOROUGH.

Why is the letter U noisy? Because it is the centre of sound.



£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is:.....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, THE LEGEND TESTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK TO THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR, TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE MAGIC ORB OF MERLIN... BUT THE ORB IS NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE RUTHLESS BLACK SHIELD! THEY ENTER BLACK SHIELD'S CASTLE... **AND SEE...**

RUN, ROLLO! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

THEY TENSE THEMSELVES TO BATTLE WITH THE METAL MONSTER... BUT IT WALKS PAST THEM UNHEEDINGLY.

WHAT IS IT?

SOME SORT OF MACHINE! A ROBOT!

BUT WE'RE BACK IN THE *NINTH* CENTURY—OR EVEN EARLIER THAN THAT! ROBOTS HADN'T BEEN INVENTED!

THAT'S WHAT THE HISTORY BOOKS SAY! BUT SINCE OLD TIN MAN DOESN'T SEEM TO INTEND US ANY HARM, LET'S FOLLOW HIM!

THEY FOLLOW THE ROBOT INTO THE ARMOURY — **AN ARMOURY SUCH AS NO OTHER CASTLE IN THOSE DISTANT DAYS POSSESSES!**

LOOK! NOW I CAN GUESS WHY THAT ROBOT DIDN'T ATTACK US... IT'S SOME SORT OF *WORKER* ROBOT!

AND THOSE ARMOURERS OVER THERE ARE MAKING ANOTHER ROBOT! I *MUST* TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

THEY CREEP FORWARD SILENTLY... AND THEN GOOD FORTUNE DESERTS THEM! DANNY TRIPS ON THE BROKEN FLOOR AND STUMBLES INTO A PILE OF STACKED METAL!

CRASH!

DANNY!

THEY WAIT FOR THE ATTACK THAT MUST COME. BUT **NOTHING HAPPENS! NOT ONE WORKER SO MUCH AS TURNS HIS HEAD!**

IT'S UNCANNY! THAT NOISE WAS ENOUGH TO WAKEN THE DEAD... BUT THEY'VE JUST GONE ON WORKING!

ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY ARE ALL IN SOME SORT OF TRANCE!

ROLLO'S GUESS IS CLOSE TO THE TRUTH! FOR, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, BLACK SHIELD IS EXERTING UPON ONE OF HIS ARMOURERS AN EVIL HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE — AN INFLUENCE WHICH HAS BEEN BESTOWED UPON HIM **THROUGH THE MAGICAL POWER OF THE ORB!**

YOUR MIND IS NOW BLANK! EVERYTHING YOU EVER KNEW IS FORGOTTEN — EXCEPT YOUR SKILL AS AN ARMOURER...

IT—IS—SO—!

AND NOW YOU SHALL EMPLOY THAT SKILL TO MAKE WEAPONS FROM THE FUTURE — THE DETAILS OF WHICH SHALL BE GIVEN ME BY THE ORB AND THEN PASSED ON TO YOU TO CONSTRUCT...!

THUS ANOTHER SKILLED SLAVE IS READY FOR BLACK SHIELD TO COMMAND... TO AID HIM CONSTRUCT WEAPONS OF WAR AND DESTRUCTION WHICH RIGHTFULLY BELONG TO THE FUTURE!..... BUT NOW LET US HASTILY RETURN TO ROLLO AND DANNY...

SINCE THESE MEN HERE HAVE NO INTEREST IN OUR MOVEMENTS, LET US FOLLOW THIS WORKER-ROBOT!

THEY PASS THROUGH A DOOR AT THE END OF THE ARMOURY AND FIND THEMSELVES IN A GREAT COURTYARD WHERE OTHER ROBOTS ARE BUSY...

ROLLO! DO YOU SEE WHAT THEY'RE MAKING?

TANKS! LIKE THE ONES WHICH WERE USED BY ARMIES IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

MEANWHILE, BLACK SHIELD, HAVING DISMISSED HIS NEW SLAVE, TURNS TO A SILVER SCREEN SET INTO ONE WALL OF HIS CHAMBER...

AND NOW, BY MEANS OF THIS MAGICAL MACHINE WHICH THE ORB HAS REVEALED TO ME, I WILL CHECK TO SEE HOW MY PREPARATIONS ARE PROGRESSING.

WITHOUT EVEN STIRRING FROM MY CHAMBER I CAN INSPECT THE ARMOURY...

..OR THE ROBOT WORKERS..!

BUT AS THE SCENE ON THE SCREEN DISSOLVES INTO A VIEW OF THE COURTYARD, BLACK SHIELD'S TWISTED GRIN VANISHES BEFORE THE SHOCK OF WHAT HE SEES!

TWO MEN! **TWO STRANGERS!** I KNOW NOT HOW THEY ENTERED MY CASTLE — BUT THEY SHALL NOT SPY ON ME FOR LONG!

GUARDS!

UNAWARE THAT THE HIDDEN EYE OF BLACK SHIELD'S TELE-SCANNER HAS REVEALED THEIR PRESENCE, ROLLO AND DANNY MAKE A CLOSER INSPECTION OF THE WORK OF THE ROBOTS...

THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR ARE SUPPOSED TO BE THE TIME OF KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR, FAIR DAMSELS IN DISTRESS — AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, ROLLO?

BLACK SHIELD IS EQUIPPING HIMSELF WITH WEAPONS THAT WILL MASSACRE ALL OPPOSITION! WHEN HE PUTS THESE THINGS TO USE IT WON'T BE A BATTLE — IT'LL BE COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

BUT AS ROLLO AND DANNY REFLECT UPON THE ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION THAT BLACK SHIELD IS CREATING, THEY THEMSELVES ARE MENACED BY WEAPONS MUCH MORE FITTING TO THE TIME!

BLACK SHIELD WAS RIGHT! THERE *ARE* INTRUDERS HERE! **SEIZE THEM!**

BLACK SHIELD'S GUARDS!

IF YOU THINK THIS LOOKS LIKE BUILDING UP TO BECOME ONE OF THE MOST STARTLING STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ, WELL, WE'RE NOT GOING TO DISAGREE! **WE'RE JUST GOING TO PROVE YOU RIGHT!**

THE NERVS

DOWN IN FATTY'S MOUTH...

WHEEEEEEE!

BRRR! I'M F-F-FROZEN ST-STIFF!

IT'S LIKE A PERISHING ICEBERG IN HERE!

WHOOOOOOOO!

IT'S THOSE BLOOMING T-T-TEETH — THE WIND WHISTLES THROUGH THE GAPS IN THEM!

CHEER UP LADS! I GOT SOME DOUGH FROM THE TUM DEPARTMENT — FATTY HAD DOUGHBALLS FOR DINNER TODAY! WE'LL BLOCK UP THE GAPS IN HIS TEETH WITH IT!

HEH! HEH! GOOD OLD NEDDIE! WE'LL SOON BE WARM AND COSY

SPLODGE!

SPLODGE

AAGH! RUN FOR IT! RETREAT!

IT'S FATTY'S WHACKING GREAT TOOTHBRUSH!

I LOVE DOUGHBALLS! BUT YOU ALWAYS GET BITS STUCK IN YOUR TEETH! NEVER MIND — SOON HAVE IT ALL CLEANED OUT!

SCRUB! SCRUB!

THAT'S BETTER! THAT'S IT — ALL SHIFTED!

BACK IN FATTY'S MOUTH...

WHOOOOOOOOOOO!

BAH! IT'S ALL R-RIGHT FOR HIM, BUT NOW WE'RE FROZEN STIFF AGAIN! I WISH WE HAD A F-F-FIRE!

WHEEEEE!

THROAT

MOUTH DEPT

WAY OUT

I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET SOME COAL FROM THE COLLAR COLLIERY—

COLLAR COLLIERY

HOP IT, NEDDIE! YOU KNOW THE BLOOD NERVS GET ALL THE COAL FROM HERE TO KEEP UP FATTY'S BLOOD TEMPERATURE!

HUH! MAYBE HIS BLOOD'S WARM, BUT WE'RE FROZEN!

OH, BOY! I KNOW! MAYBE I'LL GET SOME SPLINTERS FROM FATTY'S HEAD TO MAKE A BLAZE!

THROAT MOUTH EYES HEAD

IN THE HEAD DEPARTMENT...

SORRY, NEDDIE! I'M MAKING A HEAD-BOARD FOR THE BED WITH THIS SPLINTER! MIGHT BE DAYS BEFORE I GET ANOTHER!

HEAD DEPT DO-IT-YOURSELF DIVISION

OH, NO!

GRRR! HE DOESN'T NEED A HEAD-BOARD AS MUCH AS WE NEED A FIRE!

I'LL TAKE THAT SPLINTER! HEH! HEH!

AAGH! TREACHERY!

SMACK!

YAHOO! ONE BIG BLAZE COMING UP!

HEAD DEPT

WRONG, NEDDIE! ONE BIG TRUNCHEON COMING DOWN! HEH! HEH!

SMASH!

NEXT TIME I CATCH YOU STEALING I'LL SLAP YOU IN HEART-MOOR PRISON, LAD!

COO! I'VE GOT IT! I DON'T NEED THAT MOULDY OLD SPLINTER NOW!

IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

BRAIN DEPT

HEH! HEH! THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!

REJECT IDEAS

ON OFF

THOUGHT TRANSMITTER

DON'T SEE HOW THAT WILL HELP! HUH!

BUT, LOOKS LIKE FATTY DID GET THE MESSAGE...

I MUST BE MAD! WHATEVER MADE ME WANT TO DO THIS CROSS-WORD? I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

Daily Spludge

CHEW!

CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!

IN FATTY'S MOUTH DEPARTMENT...

HO! HO! GOOD OLD NEDDIE! WE'RE AS WARM AS TOAST NOW!

YEP! FATTY ALWAYS CHEWS HIS PENCIL LIKE MAD WHEN HE'S DOING HARD CROSS-WORDS! WE'LL GET LOTS OF LOVELY WOOD NOW!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

COO! THIS IS HEAVEN!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

GRIMLY'S PLOT HATCHERY STRICTLY PRIVATE!

WHEN RED LIGHT IS ON.... SILENCE! BAG THINKS BEING THUNK

I WONDER WHAT OLD GRIMLY'S UP TO IN THERE?

YEAH! LET'S GO AND SEE!

YIKES! THERE'S SOME OLD WOMAN AFTER GRIMLY'S FLOWERS! COME ON!

YEAH! WE'LL SHOW GRIMLY HOW EFFICIENT WE ARE! HE WILL BE PLEASED!

HUH! THINK YOU COULD PINCH GRIMLY'S FLOWERS IN FRONT OF US, DID YOU?

YAAAGH!

WELL AND TRULY POTTED! HEH! HEH!

GRR! YOU BUNGLING IDIOTS! CAN'T YOU EVER DO ANYTHING RIGHT?

G-GULP! GRIMLY!

IN THERE, YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME COMMIT THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY!

OUCH! IT'S PRICKLY!

SEVERAL SCHEMING HOURS LATER...

AH! HERE COMES LORD AND LADY CASHALOT NOW! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! HEH! HEH!

S-SURE, GRIMLY!

ART EXHIBITION

LOOK AFTER THAT RUBY NECKLACE OF YOURS, MY DEAR! IT COST ME A HANDSOME TWENTY THOUSAND IN COLD CASH! WOFFLE! WOFFLE!

EXCUSE ME, MODOM, BUT WOULD MODOM CARE FOR SOME FRESH ROSES?

COO! WHAT A REFRESHING THOUGHT, DON'T YOU THINK, CHARLES?

EH? OF COURSE, MY DEAR!

THIS SCENT IS QUITE OVERPOWERING! HEH! HEH! HEH!

COPPER

A-A-AAAA!

I'LL JUST TAKE THAT! SNIGGER!

SEE? IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM! HEH! HEH!

OH, OH! LOOK OUT, GRIMLY...!

AACHOO!

OOPS! ME WIG!

EEK! I'M DISCOVERED!

COO! LOOK WHERE THOSE ROSES LANDED...

AAAAAGHH!

JAB!

OH, NO! WE'VE CLOBBERED A COPPER! AND HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO ROSY!

OOPS! I'M OFF!

MANY MONTHS LATER...

GRR! NOW IT'S MY TURN! TAKE THAT— AND THAT!

NO, GRIMLY! STOP! YOU PUT TOO MUCH PEPPER IN THAT BAG—NOT ME! OUCH! NO! MERCY!